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About "Liedertafeln."

A CHANCE DIALOGUE.

(From the *Deutsche Musik-Zeitung*.)

(Continued from page 258.)

"These objections—or what else?—may have prevented our greatest composers from devoting themselves with any partiality to the male part-song as a peculiar form; and while Mendelssohn, for example, wrote three volumes (five, including the posthumous ones) of songs for a mixed choir; while Schumann has set many for female voices, both have given us comparatively little, and that exceptionally, for male voices without accompaniment. In Schubert's works too they are sprinkled sparingly, and for the most part with piano or other instrumental accompaniment. Of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven I say nothing; for you might object: 'The time of Liedertafeln had not come.'

"But the less there exists of it by the above named masters (hardly enough to last through the whole year with its concerts), with so much the greater furor have the whole mediocre stamp of German composers rushed into this welcome field, as the host of would-be artists into photography. Once made easy sailing, just as they liked to have it, and presently the printed parts in continual demand became as legion, and there was money to be made. So the thing soon got to be a matter of trade; the market in a short time was deluged with the most shallow, sweetish and insipid ephemerals, all which met with most rapid sale, since people wanted always something new. What wonder, if the shallowness never failed to exercise its corrupting influence upon the general public, which never brings a settled taste with it beforehand, but forms it, or misforms it, upon what it hears; and more especially upon the performers who are continually occupied with it!"

—And Schneider, Marschner, Spohr, Carl Maria von Weber, Silcher, and better still—what do you say of them?

"They could but shake a few drops into the sea, plant their oases in the wild sands of the desert; so that as against the ocean of the bad they scarcely enter into the account. Besides, their achievements in this line belong in part—and for this the male part-song, even when it is contrapuntal, is especially adapted—to the comic or humorous *genre*; and this we can endure only to a very limited extent, exceptionally, in music."

—And Zöllner's *Schöne Müllerin* for example?

"There we come upon a regular *Männergesang* chapter, upon an example in which it entirely oversteps its peculiar sphere. And if we are also to go a little outside of the line, I feel an impulse to dispatch it here at once, else I may lose the opportunity."

If you are going to rail at Zöllner you will soon be railing at everything. Carl Zöllner, is in my opinion just one of the happiest who have written for men's voices. In my opinion, I say, which to be sure is no law to others.

"Who is not lead, consciously or unconsciously, by this little prejudice, this subjective feeling, &c.? To wish to be authority is indeed rash or presumptuous. But now it happens that your opinion—authority or no authority—is also my opinion. Carl Zöllner has written some of the most excellent music for male chorus. And yet I must break a lance with you over his *Schöne Müllerin* (alas, he himself is no more!). Love-songs, especially such love-songs as Wilhelm Müller has here written, are, like all that is felt in a purely lyrical subjective manner, thoroughly individual, and must either be directly delivered by an individual, or conceived and treated as if they were. If such an individual is to be represented by a chorus, it can only be done either in unison (and then by any kind of voice you please), or by the whole collective range of voices, because in this all the individualities of tone are represented, that is to say blended, and so may be considered as mutually cancelled again; so that the *mixed* chorus is able in a certain manner to represent the universal human element.—But even in this case it must be simply harmonic, all singing the same words as far as possible at once, and not dissolved into independent voices. But to take one portion of the vocal range having a decided character of sound, and distribute it among three or four independent voices (parts), following each other alternately, answering each other, &c., is tantamount to creating distinct individualities; and how such can be allowed to appear instead of a single subject, puzzles me. This way of composing love-songs is, if not a misconception, at least an obliteration of their whole character.—But this aside. Let us bend our steps round again into the main road and resume the course of our discussion.—I wanted to speak, further, of the vanity and the *virtuoso* airs of these brothers in song."

Of the vanity. . . Amen! I am well aware that in every corporation there are vain fellows, who have more eye to themselves, than to the real business. But how these can cast a shadow on the whole, I for my part cannot see.

"And yet it this closely involved in the preceding objection, as that was in the first one. If our *Männergesang* literature contains, as I hold, more of the bad than of the good, in fact comparatively only a minimum of the latter—an assertion, of whose truth you can convince yourself, my dear friend, by a perusal of what has already appeared and is still appearing."

I am convinced of it.

"—then the natural consequence must be, that the *What* will no longer constitute the quintessence of the singing, and they will of course have to make the mere *How* the starting point and end of all their striving. And this mere *How*, this way of elevating excellence of execution not only to a means, but to the highest end, is precisely what distinguishes 'virtuosity' from true 'Art.' In this way came all this coxcombry into our male part-singing, this crack style of changing the *tempo*, this unworthy ring of

sforzatos and *portamentos*, these *piano-pianissimos* and *forte-fortissimos*, these *smorzandos* and *morendos* and *fürstrandos*. Here arose the rope-dancer emulation, who should achieve the most in these sort of things; here the vanity, first of the director, then of the whole choir, finally of individuals making themselves conspicuous—whether in the chorus or as soloists with perhaps (God help us!) humming or drone parts. Thus, simply and solely about the *How* (for the *What* was thrown together kaleidoscopically, just as it happened, the beautiful and noble side by side with the most miserable trash—*nomina sunt odiosa*—), sprang up these singer competitions, not alone *intra muros*, no, but beyond their own precincts carried into other cities, into foreign lands—in short Art-tours of whole Liedertafel corporations, in which the desire to avail oneself of such an opportunity to see foreign countries and cities, has perhaps not the smallest part."

From which may God preserve us!

"The only really practical and satisfactory reason I can comprehend or sanction for such Art-tours; for certainly we can ascribe to them no real artistic end, at any rate no artistic efficacy. Have you ever heard of a travelling mixed chorus (I except the *Domchor* of Berlin, and that is not free from this sort of affectation)? or of competitive performances of classical compositions for the whole range of voices? But really: in a genuine striving for Art, in the production of classical compositions, one has enough to do, to do this well, without being able to look abroad to see, not how others do it (for then he might learn something), but how he may surpass others in this or that small speciality; enough to do, in short, without hankering after outward effect, after effect with the public."

(Conclusion next week.)

From the Saturday Review.

Musical Biography.

The universal badness of musical biographies will hardly be disputed. It will at all events soon be conceded by any one who will take the trouble to compare half-a-dozen standard lives of workers in any other department of art with the lives of half-a-dozen great musicians. Among the most common defects in these books there is a provoking tendency to secondhand gossiping, which alternates with critical passages of a wonderful kind. We know of no parallel in literature to the portentous use of superlatives which it is not unusual to meet with when the musical biographer comes to review, or addresses himself to worship, his hero's masterpieces. The want of a genuine critical standard is apparent at every turn. We sometimes get mere complacent twaddle like that of Burney, who was the Corypheus of musical writers a hundred years ago, and who has prefaced his bulky *History of Music* with a definition worth quoting:—

"What is music? An innocent luxury; not necessary, indeed, to our existence, but a great improvement and gratification of the sense of hearing."

This is taking the extreme sensuous view with a vengeance. One wonders whether painting is an innocent luxury, not necessary indeed to our existence, but a great improvement and gratifi-

cation of the sense of sight. Yet, after all, mere twaddle is better than the silly pretentiousness that would set Music above Poetry, or than the literary ignorance which has permitted a comparison of Beethoven, sometimes to Dante, sometimes to Shakspeare and Michel Angelo, and sometimes to Jean Paul Richter.

The reason of these shortcomings is not far to seek. It must be remembered that the great prizes of the musical profession not only may be secured without, but, as a general rule, must be sought for by a more or less definite abandonment of, an enlarged and liberal cultivation.—The demands made upon mechanical dexterity in every department of music are now so heavy that little short of engrossing practice from a very early age is found sufficient to meet them. During Mendelssohn's visit to London, it was remarked of him, as an unusual and unexpected merit, that he was good company without his music. Now, it is upon eminent professional musicians that the duty of commemorating their brethren generally devolves. It devolves, that is, upon men whose lives have been spent within a narrow circle of interests and sympathies, and whose judgment, naturally inclined to be biased and distorted, is very poorly provided with the salutary checks and compensations that come of a genuine liberal education. Many of Mr. Mill's readers will remember an interesting passage treating of music, in his *Dissertation on Poetry and its Varieties*. Short as the passage is, it is quite enough to set the general run of musical criticism in strong relief against what such writing might become, if illustrated by the attention of only a few independent thinkers, possessed of real learning and wide culture. The failure of the art to attract writers like these has been accounted for by supposing that a taste for music is a kind of defect in the organization of the brain, and that your man of first-rate intellect is uniformly unmusical—sure to be disinclined, if he is not organically disqualified, to treat of the subject. It is really curious to find how much apparent ground for this notion may be gained by running over at random a list of great names whose likes and dislikes in this respect happen to have been recorded; though the single exception of Milton is enough to show that the notion is nothing more than a fancy. Milton not only understood and regularly practised music himself, but in his *Tract on a model scheme of Education*, he warmly recommends it as a means by which—in Aristotle's phrase—*καλῶς ἀσχολᾶσθαι*, a worthy and noble method of relaxation.

Men of letters have probably been repelled by several causes working together. There is, first, the fact that the section of the public who take an interest in music as an art is a very small one indeed. As a mere source of amusement, music is almost universally patronized. The rush to the pianoforte made by both sexes of late years proves that the effort of mastering the rudiments of execution is an increasingly popular diversion. The statistics of concerts show that people like, better than ever they did, assembling to listen even to the elaborate compositions of great masters. But the combination of physical and non-physical endowments necessary to judge of music, and to perceive its real intention and scope, is a very uncommon one indeed—much more uncommon, probably, than the analogous combination which makes a tolerable judge of paintings.—Beethoven himself, forty years ago, believed the capacity of musical perception to be then decidedly on the decrease:—

"I once asked Beethoven (says one of his biographers) why he had not affixed to the different movements of his Sonatas an explanation of the poetical ideas they expressed, so that these ideas might at once present themselves to the mind of the intelligent hearer. His answer was that the age in which he composed his Sonatas was more poetical than the present (1823), and that at the former period such explanations would have been superfluous. 'At that time,' he continued, 'every one perceived that the *Largo* in the third Sonata in D, Op. 10, painted the feelings of a grief-stricken mind, with the varying tints in the light and shade, in the picture of melancholy in all its phases. There was then no need of a key to explain the meaning of the music.' . . . On

another occasion I requested him to furnish me with the key to two Sonatas (F minor, Op. 57, and D minor, Op. 29). His answer was, abruptly, 'Read Shakspeare's *Tempest*.'"

But there is a more important explanation of the estrangement of men of letters from musical matters. It accounts, at any rate, for an unwillingness in such men to write about music. This is the ill-defined position of music as a branch of art. More, incomparably more, than any other branch, it has suffered from the foolish claims of its devotees. The broad expression and the intensification of passion were its earliest known functions; and these still remain its most legitimate province. There are, however, many ardent musicians who go farther, and claim for music a versatility and delicacy of delineation equal, if not superior, to the productions of poetry and painting. The question then is, obviously, how comes it that no sooner does a musical passage approach actual and pronounced description than we are sensible of a violation of taste? The magnificent oratorio of *Israel in Egypt*, and the works of Handel generally, supply plenty of instances. Or (to look at matters from another point of view) take the well known canto (xi.) of *In Memoriam*, which begins—

"Calm is the morn, without a sound,
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
And only through the faded leaf
The chestnut pattering to the ground."

It would be hard to meet with a poetical passage more capable than this is of being rendered, in its broad outlines and general tone, by musical sounds. More than one strain from the *Lieder ohne Worte* might be used for the purpose, almost without alteration. The conception of unbroken peace in earth and sky, of clearness and far-reaching prospect, of the gentle swaying of waves felt, not seen, to underlie the silver sleep on the sea—all these might be expressed with great power and beauty, either by the pianoforte or by concerted music. But leave the poet's broad outlines and come to the details. Observe, not only the echo from the stillness, magically drawn out to mingle with his own *suspirium de profundis*, but the consummate art which has, in fewest words, conveyed that harmony to other ears in tones of absolute clearness. What *sonate pathétique* has done, or could be made to do, the same? Not that music would be unable to dash the calm with melancholy, to infuse an element of passion into the wide tranquility, but compared with the surpassing delicacy of this poem, the effect would be wavering and indistinct. There would be just this result, and no more, from the musical sounds. Passion would be understood to be entering into the calm—the hearers would be left to complete the union *ad libitum*.

Mr. Mill, in the Essay mentioned before, refining on a favorite air of Winter's ("Paga fui,") says that the melody seems to express not simple melancholy, but the melancholy of remorse.—But this is only to give passion a new turn, to deepen a shade in the coloring of the picture.—To intensify is one thing—to draw is another.—What we are contending for is that music draws vaguely—that its descriptive power is feeble compared with the capabilities of other arts. Music falls short of poetry in this—that unless aided from without it is able only to enhance existing modes of feeling. It has no power of close demarcation, analysis, or illustration—at any rate none that can hold the field for a moment against the articulate powers of language. It is when the framework of passionate expression has been at least begun, if not completed, from alien sources, that the real triumphs of music become apparent in a gorgeous decoration or superstructure. Music will not dig the channels of emotion with the precision of language, of painting, or of sculpture; but, those being once indicated, it will widen and fill them to overflowing. It will prove fuller of meaning than the very words without whose aid its own meaning would have been doubtful and hard to interpret. To refer once more to *In Memoriam*. Any lover of Beethoven's music will feel how well he would have set the canto (xv.) beginning, "To-night the winds began to rise;" or, the single verse (cxxxix),

"Thy voice is on the rolling air." But if, impressed by the very same emotions as the poet, he had sat down to give them utterance with his own art as the sole vehicle, he would never have equalled the distinct delineation of the poet.—Similarly, in a little piece called *The Lake*, Professor Sterndale Bennett has very cleverly described a calm sheet of water, presently ruffled by a creeping current of wind. Yet, if it were not for the verbal announcement of the subject, one sees no reason why the same strain should not do duty as the description of a calm moonlight scene, broken by some envious cloud, and by-and-by relapsing into serene light. But, whatever be the value of these individual distinctions, it is to some wider and sounder method of criticism that we must look in order to define and raise the artistic platform of music, and to make it worth the while of cultivated and reflecting men to pay more attention than they now do to the subject. Men of genius among musicians may then hope for some worthier memorial than they are now likely to obtain.

A Draught for the Particular History of Phonics; or, the Doctrine of Sound and Hearing.

(From LORD BACON'S "Sylva Sylvarum.")

Continued from page 243.

SECTION VIII.

OF THE PROPORTION OF TREBLE AND BASS TONES.

The just and measured proportion of the air struck, with regard to the baseness or trebleness of tones, is one of the greatest secrets in the contemplation of sounds; for it discovers the true coincidence of times into diapasons, which is the return of the same sound; and so of the concords and discords between the unison and the diapason. This may be discovered—1, in the proportion of the winding of strings: 2, in the proportion of the distance of frets; and 3, in the proportion of the concavities of pipes, &c., but more commodiously in the last.

But first try the winding of a string once about, as soon as it is brought to that extension as to give a tone, then twice about, thrice, &c., and mark the scale, or difference of the rise of the tone; whereby you will at once discover two effects, or the proportion of the sound, in respect to winding; and the proportion of the sound, in respect of the string, as it is more or less strained; but to measure this, the way will be to take the length in a right line of the string, upon any winding about of the peg.

As for the stops: take the number of frets; and, principally, the length of the line from the first stop of the string, to such a stop as shall produce a diapason to the former, upon the same string.

But, as we before observed, the thing will best appear in the bores of wind-instruments: let, therefore, six pipes be made alike, in length, and all things else, only with a single, double, and so on to a sextuple bore, and mark what fall of tone every one gives. But in these three instances it must be diligently observed, what length of string, distance of stop, and concavity of instrument, gives what rise of sound; thus, in the last case, you must set down what increase of concavity goes to the making of a note higher, what of two notes, what of three, and so up to the diapason, for then the great secret of numbers and proportions will appear. Perhaps the makers of wind-instruments know this already, because they make them in sets; and likewise bell-founders, in adjusting the tune of their bells, so that inquiry may here save trial.

'Tis observed by one of the ancients, that an empty barrel struck with the finger, gives a diapason to the sound of the like barrel when full; but how that should be I do not well understand, because the striking of a barrel, full or empty, scarce gives any tone.

Some sensible difference is required in the proportion of creating a note, with regard to the sound itself, which is passive, and that it be not too near, but at a distance; for in a recorder, the

three uppermost holes yield one tone, which is a note lower than the tone of the first three; and the like, no doubt, is required in the winding or stopping of strings.

SECTION IX.

OF EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL SOUNDS.

There is another difference of sounds, which we call external and internal. There is neither soft nor loud, bass nor treble; musical nor immusical; and though there can be no tone in an external sound, yet it may be both musical and immusical. The internal sound we mean, is rather an impulse or contrusion, than an elision or cutting of the air; so that the percussion of the one, with regard to the other, differs as a blow does from a cut. In speech, the whisper, whether loud or soft, is an internal; but speaking out, an external sound; whence we can never make a tone, nor sing in whisper, but in speech we may. So breathing, or blowing by the mouth, bellows, or wind, though loud, is an internal sound; but the blowing through a pipe, or concavity, is an external one. So likewise the greatest winds, if they have no coarctation, or blow not hollow, give an internal sound; but the whistling or hollow wind, yields a singing, or external sound; the former being confined by some other body, and the latter confined by its own density; and therefore when the wind blows hollow, 'tis a sign of rain. So flame, as it moves within itself, or is blown by bellows, gives a murmur, or internal sound.

There is no hard body, but when struck against another hard body, will yield an external sound, greater or less: inasmuch that, if the percussion be over-soft, it may induce a nullity of sound, but never an internal sound, as when one treads so softly as not to be heard. Where the air, whether confined or not confined, is the percussive against a hard body, it never gives an external sound, as in blowing strongly with bellows against a wall. Sounds, both external and internal, may be made as well by suction as by emission of the breath, as in whistling or breathing.

SECTION X.

OF THE ARTICULATION OF SOUNDS.

'Tis one of the greatest mysteries in sounds that the whole sound is not only in the whole air, but the whole sound is also in every small part of the air; so that all the curious diversity of articulate sounds, as in the voice of a man or birds, will enter at a small chink, without confusion.

The unequal agitation of the winds, or the like, though it promotes the conveyance of sounds, yet does not confound their articulation within the distance they can be heard to, though it may cause them to be heard the less way.

Too great distance confounds the articulation of sounds; thus we may hear the sound of a preacher's voice when we cannot distinguish what he says. And one articulate sound will confound another, as when many speak at once.

In speaking under water, when the voice is reduced to an extreme exility, yet the articulate sounds, that is the words, are not confounded. I conceive that an extreme small, or an extreme great sound, cannot be articulate, but that articulation requires a mediocrity of sound, as the extreme small sounds confound the articulation by contracting, and the large ones by dispersing; and though an articulate sound already created, will be contracted into a small compass and pass through a narrow chink, yet the first articulation requires a greater dimension.

It has been observed that in a room, or chapel, vaulted below and above, a preacher cannot be heard so well, as in the like places, not so vaulted. For in this case the subsequent words come on before the precedent ones vanish, and therefore the articulate sounds are more confused, though the gross of the sound be greater.

The motions of the tongue, lips, throat, palate, &c., which go to make the several alphabetical letters, relate to the inquiry of sounds. The Hebrews have been diligent herein, and determined which letters are labial, dental, guttural, &c. The Latins and Grecians have distinguished between semi-vowels and mutes; and in mutes tolerably well between mutæ tenues, mediæ and

aspirate, though not with diligence. For they have little examined the particular percussions and motions that create those sounds; as that the letters, B, P, F, M, are not expressed, but with contracting or shutting the mouth; that the letters N and B cannot be pronounced together, without the letter N turning into M; as Hecatonba will become Hecatomba; that M and T cannot be pronounced together, but P will come between them; as Emptus is pronounced Emptus; and there are many of the like instances. So that whoever inquires to the full, will find there are fewer simple motions required to the making of the whole alphabet than there are letters.

The lungs are the most spongy part of the body, and therefore able to contract and dilate; and when they contract, they expel the air, which, passing through the aspera arteria, throat and mouth, makes the voice; but articulation is not produced without the help of the tongue, the palate, and the rest of those called the organs of speech.

There is a similitude between the sound made by inanimate bodies, or animate bodies that have no articulate voice, and several letters of articulate voices; and men have commonly given such names to these sounds, to these sounds as allude to the articulate letters. Thus the trembling sound of water bears a resemblance to the letter L; the quenching of hot metals, in water, to the letter Z; the snarling of dogs, to the letter R; the voice of screech-owls, to the letters Sh; the voice of cats, to the diphthong Eu; the voice of cuckoos, to the diphthong Ou; the sounds of strings, to the letters Ng. So that, for instance, to make an inanimate body pronounce a word, the motion of the instruments of the voice must be considered on the one side, and the like sounds made in animate bodies on the other, and what conformity causes the similitude of sounds.

(To be continued.)

"Blind Tom" Again.

(From a lady who is musical.)

NEW YORK, November 17th.

MR. DWIGHT.—The story of Blind Tom, published in the *Atlantic Monthly* and "All the year round," and copied by the *Journal of Music*, with your editorial thereon, has made me desirous of shedding a little more light on the subject (which certainly looks rather dark at present), so far as lies in my power.—The cause of truth will not be served in dismissing so exaggerated a statement without a disclaimer. The well-meaning, but musically ignorant authoress of the sketch in question, evidently knows not what she says, when she compares this boy with young Mozart; when she speaks of his touch, while playing with his back to the piano, as "scientifically accurate" (the attempt charlatanism, and success a physical impossibility); when she talks of "each successive fugue," "a progression of augmented chords," "chordant harmony," "a classical second," (?) &c., &c.

I am only sorry that I cannot give actual personal evidence as to the negro boy's playing:—some two years and a half ago, on a visit to Kentucky, I was pressing invited by some southern friends, to go and hear Blind Tom; but so much humbug was displayed in the "show"—I will not say concert—arrangements, that my distaste overcame my curiosity, and I did not hear the poor boy. The report of my friends, and especially of those among them who were professionally musical, and on whose judgment I could rely, was;—that Tom had a good ear and memory; in playing pieces like Thalberg's "Home, sweet home," and things of that class, that he had often heard and played, his execution was sometimes good, but oftener incorrect, and so far as he faithfully reproduced what he had heard, his expression had some meaning; but that as soon as his memory began to falter, his playing became worse than bad, his chords so false, his scales so stumbling, that it was plain he had neither creative nor mechanical power

sufficient to cover the deficiency of memory. That his fingering was "absurd," his touch awkward and heavy. That his so-called improvisations were merely an incoherent tacking together of passages from pieces that he knew. That when called on to repeat compositions played by persons among the audience, and perhaps heard by him for the first time, he repeated them imperfectly, reproducing the most strikingly melodic portions well enough to lead the unmusical to believe that the whole had been well played. And apropos of what the writer of this sketch says of Tom's "interpretation of classical compositions with clearness of conception," &c., one of my friends played for him one of Beethoven's little sonatas, so very clear, you know, in construction. Tom's reproduction was, my musical friend said, "abominable"—far worse than when he repeated more common-place, though apparently more difficult, pieces. In short, my friends heard enough to convince them:—that Tom possessed a good ear and remarkable memory, but by no means that gift of heaven, a distinguished musical organization (we know how many separate gifts make up that one!); but that, on the contrary, he was idiotic, save in this matter of memory. From the humbug and deception which even they, strangers to most facts of the case, could detect in the statements of his exhibitor, they felt that it would be difficult to get at a correct knowledge of the time at which Tom really began to play, and how much he had been taught; supposing the truth of all that was stated about him, they regarded his ear and memory as uncommon,—but as to genius!

Indeed, from all that I have learned about Tom's playing, from persons who have heard him, I more than doubt whether his talent merits discussion:—but it seems to me, that it would be an injustice to the black race, to let Tom pass current as a phenomenal specimen of their musical abilities—or possibilities. That the blacks are a musical people, no one, who has known much of them, disputes. I have met with two cases among them of musical ear and memory, as remarkable as, and certainly more pleasing than the case of Blind Tom. One was M. Léon Fouchard, a French West-Indian gentleman (ebony black, with woolly hair), retired soldier and officer of the Empire, and an esteemed professor of belles-lettres and foreign languages in London; he instructed my sisters and self in French literature (not the drudgery of the language; that had been done in the nursery). Although a man of extensive culture, and valued in society for his accomplishments, he had never studied written music; but, possessing a delicate ear, and a quick and retentive memory, had acquired a self-taught way of playing the piano with expression, elegance, and a certain correctness, even judged by a musician's standard. On our lecture mornings, if he had chanced to hear, on the previous evening, an opera, English, French, Italian, or German, that was new to him, he would sit to the piano, give us a sketch of the plot, criticize and play each morceau in proper rotation, with, as we sometimes afterwards proved, uncommon melodic fidelity, tolerably correct, and sometimes strikingly fine original harmony. It never struck us that this was quite a feat for a black man, but simply that it would have surprised us in any one; but his gifts did not deceive our parents into raising him to the height of a "musical genius." The other case was that of a slave girl who lived near us in New Orleans; she had a powerful and lovely contralto voice of extensive compass; she was allowed to attend the French opera with her master's family every night during the season; and poor Louise! how she sang what she had heard! what pure intonation, clear scales, rich trills! I believe that she had a genuine musical organization, for her singing was no mere imitation; its dramatic coloring sometimes exceeded, in truth and beauty, that of the trained prime donne—whose

singing had formed her musical education. The perfect sight was no help to either of these persons.

I think that the exaggerated opinion as to Tom's ability is only held by southern people, who have been so long accustomed to regard the blacks as mere animals, that they are astonished at any display of intelligence among them; or by generous, but non-musical persons, like the talented authoress of the sketch in question, who are so anxious to aid the down-trodden race,—but whose enthusiasm about Tom is clouded, not clear-sighted. F. M. R.

(From a German musician.)

Mr. EDITOR:—The attention of the musical world this side Dixie has again been called to that wonder, known as "Blind Tom." I have carefully read the article from the *Atlantic Monthly*, and your comments thereon in No. 553 of your Journal, I believe all will agree with you that the unparalleled feats of this boy, before being credited, must be testified to by those who really know what music is. The story in the *Atlantic* may read well enough to a person not musical, but the musician shakes his head, sorely puzzled in his attempt to comprehend the phenomenon as related there. Thus it is reported of Tom that "when seated with the back to the piano, his touch is always scientifically accurate." Has it ever been said of Liszt or Thalberg, thus far the greatest players the world has produced, that, even when seated right before the instrument, with their eyes wide open, their touch was scientifically accurate? Surely, it would have been considered as overdoing the matter. Again we read: "in a progression of augmented chords his fingering is invariably that of the schools." What composer ever wrote progressions of augmented chords, since a single augmented chord is sufficient to cause an ear-ache? And then, Tom fingers them invariably after the schools, without being ever taught by any school whatever! He plays "fugues" and "intricate symphonies"; from which we may infer that music under the patronage of the Southern slaveholders has risen to a much higher position than at the North; for the pianists hereabouts rarely play fugues and intricate symphonies. Besides, Tom counts among his audience German cobblers "to whom Beethoven and Mendelssohn knew how to preach an unerring gospel." It may be that, by emigrating to the South, German cobblers become part-takers of the high degree of musical culture prevalent there; for in their native country, as I know through long experience, they are an honest but decidedly unmusical set. They keep within the limits prescribed by the well-known proverb: "*Ne sutor ultra crepitam.*" In the opinion of cultivated musicians a man must have been endowed with much talent, must have studied music diligently for some ten or fifteen years, especially the works of the great masters, before it can be presumed that Beethoven and Mendelssohn preach an unerring gospel to him.

The statements quoted, which easily might be multiplied, plainly show that the witness, as you justly remark, in the present case is not to be relied upon, and, therefore, until we have more positive evidence, until we hear with our own ears, we will continue to believe in the eternal laws of nature, according to which musicians do not grow out of the ground, like mushrooms, in one night, ready made. The age of witchcraft and miracles has fortunately gone by. We live—we blessed ones—under the golden rule of reason.

The most incredible thing related of Blind Tom is, doubtless, that he was discovered one fine midsummer night, playing all the airs and difficult exercises of his young mistresses without having ever touched the piano. Still, there is a parallel to this, well verified in the history of music, though not generally known. To one not at all inclined to a belief in the supernatural it is almost mortifying; at any rate, it has puzzled me ever since I read of it, many years ago.

You remember that Nestor of modern organists, J. C. H. Rink, who died in 1846 at Darmstadt, Germany, no less renowned as a masterly performer, than as a very prolific composer, chiefly for the organ. Rink also contributed largely to the periodical musical literature of his time, in which capacity he was likewise much esteemed. As a private citizen he enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most upright, solid men, not at all given to romance or eccentricities. In his autobiography published in the *Eutonia*, (a musical periodical founded in 1828 and continued for a dozen years or so by Heintsch) Rink relates the following incident of himself, by which his father was first decided to give him a musical education.

Rink, the father, was a village schoolmaster and besides gave private lessons in music. One day when he instructed a pupil on the piano at his own house, the pupil hesitated and blundered more than usual in a piece which, for several lessons, had been assigned him for practice. The piece had to be played over and over again, though with no better result than the first time. The teacher was not sparing in his expressions of censure and reproof, which attracted his little son, a mere child, who was present in the room engaged with his playthings, but who nevertheless had paid close attention to the proceedings at the piano. The child at once stepped up to the instrument and innocently asked his father to let him play the piece, which the pupil could not overcome; he thought he might do better. His father told him to go away and not disturb them any longer. But the child insisted so determinedly that father Rink thought there was no getting rid of him unless he should have his way for a moment. As the boy had never touched the piano, his father considered the whole affair a mere whim, such as children are frequently seized with. So, to cut the matter short, the pupil was ordered to rise and the child placed on the seat. He commenced and, without the slightest hesitation, without a single mistake, played the piece through from beginning to end.

Let every one explain this miracle as he best may. As before remarked, it is long ago since I read it, but it has been in my memory continually, so that I do not fear to have fallen into any important error in relating it. BENDA.

(From a Spiritualist.)

Boston, Nov. 13, 1862.

To the Editor of the Journal of Music:—

I have recently seen a very readable account in your paper of the blind idiot negro Tom, of whom we had previously heard remarkable stories.

After conceding a fair allowance for errors in judgment as to his precise status as a performer, we find sufficient remaining to excite our wonder, and naturally ask how we are to account for such a manifestation.

My belief has been from the first, that he is one of those beings of whom there are now very many among us—subject to possession by influences from the other world.

There are individuals who can be used to write with a pencil in each hand, upon two different subjects, while conversing at the same time upon something quite foreign to either.

There are many more who are exercised in writing from right to left with astonishing rapidity and in a hand quite unlike their own.

In fact, physical manifestations are so common, that I can only wonder that this case has not already been classed among them, as I am sure it will be hereafter.

It may be that our people are not yet ready to accept the direct action of those who have gone before us to the other world, but I think from what I have seen, that we shall sometime have more faith. W.

(From a true Southern "Gentleman" (of either sex.)

J. S. DWIGHT, Esq.—No one that ever saw or heard of "Blind Tom" in the South, ever dreamed of comparing his, (at the best,) "gropings in the dark," with those first proofs that Mozart or Chopin gave in their childhood, of great musical tendencies; your mistake in thinking they did, is attributable only to your wrong-headed contemptible tendency as a New Englander—to damn every thing that has had the great misfortune of having been born too far South—nothing else could have induced you to write as you did upon Tom.

But how deliciously refreshing (in an insipid way) was that grand allusion of yours, to the "semi-barbarous" and "wilful" people of the South,—that wicked people that will "reject (your) corner stone."

Now, my dear Sir, if you will only once overcome your deep-seated prejudice against the Southerner (which arises solely out of your jealousy of the high-toned manners, that you know always mark him), and come to Mobile, Charleston or Montgomery—we will show you a nation of gentlemen, in whose presence, you, (with all New-Englanders) will feel the irrepressible desire to take off your hat. Why, it is perfectly unbearable to see you, thick-headed, close-fisted fellows in New England (we do not speak of New York, people are entirely different there) sit on your (imaginary) imperial "hub" and criticize the barbarous Southerner. Pray let us abide the decision of the educated foreigner, who comes to America, travels from North to South, and then tells his experience, tells of which portion of our country, contains the greatest number of the elegantly educated and polite; that tale, fortunately for the South, has been told too often, and by those in whose bosoms not a particle of prejudice, ever existed against the North.

But we do sincerely sympathize with you, in your sad misfortune of "to-day," being kicked by the rest of the nation "out in the Cold."

Addio! Cola il sipario. MONTGOMERY.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Classical and Popular—Another View.

Mr. EDITOR.—Each thinker views a subject from his own stand-point; and the numerous opinions expressed on any given topic are therefore only the idiosyncratic expressions of individual thought.—The Bible is the same book everywhere; and yet all the manifold sects of the world draw from it the special support of their special beliefs. We all view things through the eyes of our own peculiarities.—Mr. Thomas Ryan has contributed a paper to your Journal on the "Decline of Musical Taste," and you have responded to it. He thinks it is because too much classic music has been crammed into the public ears, and you think that too little has been furnished. He has had a long, practical experience as manager, and he finds that more people are drawn to hear popular than classic music. You have a theory at heart which ignores the vulgar dollar and insists on the persistent production of the classics, for Art's sake. You believe that the classics have not been brought forward in the right way, and that when so brought forward, public admiration and appreciation is sure to follow.

Now I have another idea, differing from you gentlemen, and founded on an entirely different ground. I do not think that there is any decline in the musical taste of Boston. I think that it has increased; but just in proportion to the numerical increase of the citizens. Music is an enjoyment of certain natures, and necessarily of peculiar natures, and it would be as vain to expect that the mass of people should all be fond of astronomy, botany, zoology, sculpture, poetry, as to expect that they should all be enthusiasts or lovers of music. Those who love music devotedly can hardly understand that others could exist without it; but one must be a hermit indeed, who

The musical score is presented in eight systems, each containing a treble and bass staff. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. Pedal markings (Ped.) and asterisks (*) are used to indicate specific performance techniques. The piece concludes with a 'Fine' marking.

System 1: Treble staff has a whole rest. Bass staff has a series of eighth notes and chords. Pedal markings are present in the bass staff.

System 2: Treble staff has a series of eighth notes and chords. Bass staff has a series of eighth notes and chords. Pedal markings are present in the bass staff.

System 3: Treble staff has a series of eighth notes and chords. Bass staff has a series of eighth notes and chords. Pedal markings are present in the bass staff.

System 4: Treble staff has a series of eighth notes and chords. Bass staff has a series of eighth notes and chords. Pedal markings are present in the bass staff.

System 5: Treble staff has a series of eighth notes and chords. Bass staff has a series of eighth notes and chords. Pedal markings are present in the bass staff.

System 6: Treble staff has a series of eighth notes and chords. Bass staff has a series of eighth notes and chords. Pedal markings are present in the bass staff.

System 7: Treble staff has a series of eighth notes and chords. Bass staff has a series of eighth notes and chords. Pedal markings are present in the bass staff.

System 8: Treble staff has a series of eighth notes and chords. Bass staff has a series of eighth notes and chords. Pedal markings are present in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a 'Fine' marking.

Moderato.

No. 36.

Op. 59. No. 1.

p

Ped. *

Ten.

Ped. *

Ped. *

Ped. *

Ped. *

Ped. *

Ped. *

Ped. *

Ten.

Ped. *

Ped. *

Ped. *

Ped. *

Ped. *

This page contains seven systems of musical notation for Chopin's Mazurkas, page 91. The key signature is D major (two sharps). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, slurs, and dynamic markings like "Cres.", "Ped.", and "p". There are also asterisks (*) and small numbers (3, 5) indicating specific musical techniques or fingerings.

System 1: Treble staff has a melodic line with a crescendo marking. Bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment with a pedal marking.

System 2: Treble staff continues the melodic line. Bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment with a pedal marking.

System 3: Treble staff continues the melodic line. Bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment with a pedal marking.

System 4: Treble staff continues the melodic line. Bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment with a pedal marking and a piano marking.

System 5: Treble staff continues the melodic line. Bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment with a pedal marking.

System 6: Treble staff continues the melodic line. Bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment with a pedal marking.

System 7: Treble staff continues the melodic line. Bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment with a pedal marking.

Chopin's Mazurkas.

This page contains seven systems of musical notation for Chopin's Mazurkas, arranged in two columns. Each system consists of a piano (right) staff and a bass (left) staff. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, trills (tr.), tenor clefs (Ten.), and pedal markings (Ped.). The key signature is G major (one sharp). The tempo and style are indicated by the title "Chopin's Mazurkas." and the page number "92".

The systems are as follows:

- System 1:** The piano staff begins with a trill on G4, followed by a series of eighth notes. The bass staff has a triplet of eighth notes. Pedal markings are present in the bass staff.
- System 2:** The piano staff continues with eighth notes. The bass staff has a series of chords. Pedal markings are present in the bass staff.
- System 3:** The piano staff has a trill on G4. The bass staff has a series of chords. Pedal markings are present in the bass staff.
- System 4:** The piano staff has a series of eighth notes. The bass staff has a series of chords. Pedal markings are present in the bass staff.
- System 5:** The piano staff has a series of eighth notes. The bass staff has a series of chords. Pedal markings are present in the bass staff.
- System 6:** The piano staff has a series of eighth notes. The bass staff has a series of chords. Pedal markings are present in the bass staff.
- System 7:** The piano staff has a trill on G4. The bass staff has a series of chords. Pedal markings are present in the bass staff.

fails to see that the mass of people care nothing whatever for music, except as one of many amusements, of no more importance and worthy of no more attention than fifty other things which please an idle hour. Berlioz in a recent work says:

"Music, the art of moving, by combinations of sounds, intelligent men, endowed with special and cultivated organs. To define music thus is to avow that we do not think it, as folks say, *made for everybody*. Whatever may be, in fact, the conditions of its existence, whatever may have ever been its means of action, simple or composite, gentle or energetic, it has always been evident to the impartial observer that a great number of people not being able to feel or comprehend its power, these were *not made for it*, and consequently, it was *not made for them*."

You and Mr. Ryan believe in the ultimate elevation of the people to your appreciation and perception. I have no belief in this whatever. Communities can never be educated in special directions, without their interests and predilections point that way. Individuals can be educated, but not in any direction contrary to their natures. He who loves fancy and fiction can never be made an enthusiast over figures; and he who is a born mathematician will not forsake the passionless charm of mathematics for the nervous excitement which springs from music and poetry. But each can go on, *ad infinitum*, in the direction towards which his idiosyncrasy tends. Communities only seek enjoyment. They care nothing for advancement. The individual seeks to improve himself, and always in the direction that his fancy dictates. Communities are swayed entirely by their love of enjoyment, and are never led in the pursuit by those who seek to act as their mentors. On the contrary, the knowing ones are ignored and despised, thought to be too learned, too abstract, too theoretical, and are left to the worship of their own gods. That such is the case everywhere is too simple a fact to demand proof. The Gottschalks will be followed and admired and applauded in spite of the most eloquent judgments of educated minds, for the simple reason that the public finds pleasure in the elegant superficialities beyond which the public never goes. You will find that the audiences that follow such pleasure are not composed of the really cultivated musical intelligence of the city.

A refined taste in and judgment of music is as "caviare to the general" as any thing else which requires nicely strung natures for its proper appreciation. You cannot educate men up to this. No common or high school can grow up Thackerays, Dickenses, Bulwers by any amount of education.—No community can be found in which Shakespeare, Milton and Dryden are preferred to the current newspaper literature of the day. The reason simply being that only minds and hearts capable of appreciating and feeling the great efforts of the human mind and heart are drawn to them in admiration.—You cannot control the nature by instruction or alter it; but you can advance it in the line of its greatest peculiarity.

Can it be expected that young people who have known no sorrow, who have seen nothing of the care and anxiety and disappointment and regret of life, should be moved at the profoundly sad utterances of the human heart through music and poetry? Can any one who is all joy and hope, or all callous and cold, read those lines of Tennyson, "Break, Break, Break," with the vital appreciation of one who has heard that voice and touched that hand? Can natures, therefore, which have not the profoundness and breadth to take in the great thoughts of man, moral or musical, be expected to enjoy them? Here lies the great mistake of all who hope for that musical millennium, when everybody shall throng to enjoy and feel the great works of great minds. The error is a fundamental one, for it expects that all people are to become equal in point of intellect and feeling. Such

never can be the case. Yet there will always be a certain number who attain this point of appreciation, and a certain number who hang somewhat doubtfully around the real worshippers, and a certain number who follow where fashion leads. Then again, taste and fancy break up this number into sub-sects, each one strenuous in the support of the special phase of beauty he worships.

In any large community this body of refined, delicately attuned natures must be small. They are really the exceptions, not the rule; and it is futile to hope to instill into the mass the characteristics of the few. The old cities of Europe present no different state of affairs. The superficial, bright and simple are there the delight of the people, as they have ever been and, in the nature of things, must ever be.—Look back on the musical history of this city. We began with the very best. The first introduction we had to orchestral music was through Beethoven's symphonies. Year after year we heard them, and year after year concert-goers became most familiar, with them. We began with the best introduction, and how has it gone on? One after another, foreign bands came, and they played waltzes, potpourris, &c. and Beethoven's Symphonies were left, while the public went into raptures over what it really understood and appreciated. It had heard before what it could; now it heard what it liked and thoroughly enjoyed. What conclusion must be drawn? That the symphonies were above their powers of appreciation, although made quite familiar by repetition.—But in these audiences were some who did appreciate, and grew up in the enjoyment of them, and where are they now? Why they are you, Mr. Editor, and others, who have been members of that select, smaller number, who are so constituted as to enjoy the loftier flights of musical thought and progress in their contemplation. To-day, after twenty years of a hearing of the very best of music, after a progressive education in the best of schools, after Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Chopin, &c., &c., the Boston public had rather hear a Labitzky waltz than a Beethoven Adagio, and crowd to hear "Martha," when "Israel in Egypt" would not attract a hundred auditors.—This must be always the case, and therefore the crusade, honestly and conscientiously undertaken against "popular" music, will never meet with success. The people must have amusement and there are always enough to cater to their tastes.

I do not think there is any decline in musical taste in Boston among those who ever had any musical taste. The fashion to go to concerts may have changed; but there are as many music lovers as ever. Their number will always remain disproportionately small among the many; and the many can never be educated up to what their natures cannot attain. As well expect all trees to reach the same altitude, all flowers to attain the same size. As well expect everybody to be equally good, broad-hearted, intelligent, pure. Therefore I hold that the small number of classic-lovers in Boston is not due to any decline or any mismanagement, but to an inherent necessity in human nature; a necessity paralleled in other phases of the vast inequality of sentient and inanimate life on the earth.

Still I do not definitely affirm that the lovers of good music must necessarily be very intellectual, and those who are not musically inclined necessarily very unrefined. By no means! The contrary is oftentimes the case, and markedly so. The refinement and intelligence I imply is a musical refinement, musical intelligence, which are qualities *per se*, and sometimes go hand in hand with a most lamentable want of purity and nobleness of nature. A taste for music must be presupposed; for I take it, no one would pretend to awaken a love for the classics in a person to whom music was not a real, positive delight. Therefore it would be very arrogant and ridiculous for one who loves music to affirm

that one, who does not, lacks refinement and perception. A love for music is only one way in which man's emotions are aroused, and it cannot be hoped that all men should be equally drawn in that direction. Those who are so must move on together, enjoying what they can; it is in vain for them to expect to make others equally sensitive to the same enjoyment. S.

Musical Correspondence.

BREMEN, OCT. 24.—since my last I attended a Quartet-Soirée with the following programme:

1. Quartet in D minor..... Haydn
2. Piano-Quartet in E flat..... Mozart
3. String Quartet in C minor..... Beethoven

The entertainment, which did not last longer than an hour and a half, was a very pleasant one, and was evidently relished by the 300 persons, mostly ladies, present. The programmes of the series of six, which are all printed on the back of the admission card—at one Thaler each for the Series—were probably adapted to the wishes of old subscribers. Schumann's name appears but once (Pianoforte Quartet in E flat) and Schubert's twice (Piano Trio in E flat and string Quartet in D minor). All the rest is made up of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. As these Quartet Evenings have already lived through a great many seasons, their present programmes but confirm the old experience, that time-honored musical institutions generally keep well to the safe, comfortable and well-established high-way of the so-called classical period.

I hear that a Mass by SCHUMANN—something which those most intimate with his character and peculiar genius never supposed him likely to have written—is in course of publication.

FERD. HILLER has written a new choral work, "The Night," for two Solo-voices (Soprano and Tenor) (Chorus and Orchestra, which is highly spoken of.

In the "Musical Journal for Southern Germany" I find the following item which I translate for the benefit of your Boston readers:

"The Organ-builder, C. F. WALKER, in Ludwigsburg, has lately put together in his workshop a large Concert Organ, intended for the Music Hall in Boston, U. S., a work which, if sent to the London Exhibition, would have served to represent the art of Organ-building in Germany in the most favorable light. This new and grand work is indeed a fine monument of German art and industry. The Organ contains 86 registers (stops), all of excellent, some of superior tone. The one of the largest compass is a 32-foot Principal, part of which forms the front of the work. The entire disposition is very ingenious and yields the greatest variety of combinations. Besides four manuals, all of which respond very nicely, and a Pedal Piano in two sections, the Organ has 12 additional pedals and 4 effective swells, two of them for single soft voices, the third for the second manual of 18 stops, and the fourth for a Crescendo and Diminuendo of the full work. The latter contrivance, Walker's last invention, by which the power of tone can be regulated with mathematical precision according to degrees indicated on a dial before the player, adds much to the effectiveness of the instrument. The bellows are worked by steam. The price, without case and cost of transportation, we understand to be 48,000 Florins. None of the old Organs which have obtained a large celebrity, like those at Weingarten, Freiburg and Harlem, can compare with this new work, which is not the result of large empirical experience, but which has been conceived by the master-mind of a thinking inventive genius."

I trust there will be no time lost now to get the Organ to the place long since assigned to it.

The police of this good city of Bremen must be gentlemen of a fine musical ear. Perambulating

street bands and organ grinders are warned not to belch forth their strains in such close proximity to each other that in any place such strains can be heard simultaneously, on severe penalty. This manner recommends itself. Magistrates of some other cities, not only in Germany, might make it their own.

A committee of musical gentlemen in Wiesbaden, Joachim Raff Secretary, propose to open a national subscription for the benefit of RICHARD WAGNER, in order to secure him an independent living. Whether this step is authorized by the composer or not is not known.

GOUSON'S "Faust" has been performed fifty-two times in our neighbor-city of Hamburg, the composer being present from Paris at the 52d performance upon special invitation of the managers. Truly a great success for a Frenchman in the days of Wagner!

The Theatre here does very well. There is a performance every night. Opera, Drama, Comedy, Ballet: everything is well represented. The prices are but moderate, the house not overlarge—1560 seats—no government subsidy—yet it pays. The interior is extremely handsome as well as comfortable. Proprietor and lessee is the Bremen State. The tenant has the monopoly of theatrical representations in the city. B.

Cherubini.

Among those of his colleagues in the Institute with whom Mehul had the most sympathy, Cherubini ranked the first. When Napoleon offered the author of "Joseph" the place of director of the Imperial chapel, Mehul requested that his friend might share the post with him. The Emperor refused, and gave the place to Lesueur. Cherubini, indeed, during his entire career, enjoyed but little of the imperial favor. His character, which was extremely original, and his freedom of speech frequently somewhat unparliamentary, were not unconnected with this disfavor. It is related that General Bonaparte, on being received at the Conservatoire, had to undergo the performance of certain laudatory cantatas composed by Lesueur, Mehul, and Cherubini. The conqueror of Italy addressed to the last-mentioned some critical remarks upon his production. "General," said Cherubini, "when you lay down the plan of a battle, you only consult your own genius." Upon which, it is said, the great captain turned his back upon him.

Between Cherubini and Mehul there was a certain affinity of talent. Although an Italian by birth, by his works he approached more nearly the German school than that to which he owed his education. In truth, the style of Cherubini belonged, far more than did that of Mehul, to that eclectic school which characterizes the musical productions of the French stage. He brought on towards perfection that style to which the existing composers of France devote themselves, and who, for the most part, are his pupils. "His manner," says Adolphus Adam, "is less Italian than that of Mozart; it is purer than that of Beethoven. [?] In it we see rather the resurrection of the ancient Italian school, enriched with the discoveries of modern harmony."

A singular fact comes out in respect to the works of Cherubini. His scores exercised an immense influence on those of his contemporaries. He was, in some sort, the fixed star round which gravitated the planets Lesueur, Berton, Kreutzer, who each had satellites of their own, such as Steibelt, Gaveaux, Solie, Devienne, Bruni, Reicha, &c.; and yet the operas of the illustrious director of the Conservatoire are now scarcely ever played in France. Posterity bows to him as one of the great artists of the age; and the greater part of those who would burn incense at his altar are unacquainted with his works. A hundred times superior to Nicolo as a musician, he never attained the popularity of the composer of "Jocunde." Something of the same kind was shown to have occurred in the case of Philidor and Monsigny.

Cherubini wrote for the dainty in Music; and the subtleties of touch which swarm in his scores passed unheeded before the eyes, or rather the ears of the audience. The many are far more deeply impressed by the actual thoughts of the author than by the manner in which they are expressed. Delicacies of style are not estimated at their true value save by the learned and those initiated in the craft. This is why Cherubini has not obtained, as I before observed, the

degree of success proportioned to his immense worth.

His worship of form and completeness in the development of musical ideas betrayed him into prolixities which, however much in their places in ecclesiastical or chamber music (in the Credo or the Consecration Mass, for example), retard, upon the stage, the march of the drama. The audience are more likely to complain of the tediousness of the dramatic action than to admire the high finish of the work. "In the operas of Cherubini," says M. Fétis, in his first letter to dramatic composers, "there are pieces which have always commanded the admiration of a select audience, when executed on the piano, and which are as remarkable for their dramatic expression as for their beauty of form; yet they failed to produce any effect on the stage, because the great artist did not understand that the music is not the most important thing in an opera."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 22, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Chopin's Mazurkas.

The Alleged Decline, &c.

We trust that, in what we wrote last week in reply to Mr. Ryan, we made it sufficiently clear, that we have no objection in the world to "light music," or to concerts altogether composed of such. The plea for classical music, for concerts whose whole motive, spirit, tone sacredly excludes whatsoever is frivolous, or maudlin-sentimental, or merely for effect (i. e. for startling the ignorant and showing off the artist, who in the very act lays down his artist title, or who in claiming the title confesses that he has no right to it),—this plea by no means implies any denial of the right of what is not classical to flourish in its own sphere, its own proper places and occasions. In other words the plea for music as Art seeks not to revoke the licenses of music as amusement. A *Musa* (without the Muse, or recreation of the brain) is, in proper seasons, quite as legitimate a motto, as *Musa*, which means dedication to the beautiful, the true, in real earnest. But if the Muse may not have her rights and due occasions, and if she may not reign in these occasions, ordering and blending all by her own fine heavenly instinct, with full right to say: *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*, then certainly the term which implies negation of the Muse, amusement, loses all meaning, and drops out of all relation.

We believe in Art, and we believe also in Amusement. Man must have both; while at the same time there is a constant tendency between them to coalesce, not by compromises, not by heterogeneous minglings, not by any stooping of the Muse to spheres beneath her dignity; but by virtue of the fact that true Art is a willing, loving sacrifice, that Art, musical Art above all, in the very secret of its heart, and as the very end and acme of its toil, means Joy (as Beethoven so splendidly interpreted it), means reconciliation of work and play, of law and freedom, duty and delight; so that to a true artist nature, to the sincere artistic spirit, to a soul of thoroughly artistic tone and temper, play itself becomes as pure, as beautiful and worthy in the sight of heaven, as work itself or worship. And herein lies the great justification of Art, that it all typifies and prophesies this reconciliation of mind and matter, soul and sense, the heavenly and the earthly, and of a life of man which shall in all its manifold relations be the complete Fine Art.

But this of course is an ideal, far off glory, whose coming shines in comparatively few faces; its prophets, or great artists, are but few, and their appreciating circles must of necessity remain select.

Still there have been and are such artists; there are those, (more than your "four or five hundred," we believe, even here in Boston), who find delight and inspiration in the hearing of their music; their number is always on the increase so long as true teachers and opportunities to hear and read and practice do not die out, and just in proportion to the gift and earnestness of the teacher and the fineness of the opportunity. All that we plead for is, that the higher opportunities of hearing music, such as appeal directly to the few, but indirectly and prospectively to widening circles round the few, shall still be held worthy of that unremitting jealous care and preservation, which society extends to all things which are considered vital blessings and good influences, however small the number of those who can entirely appreciate them:—for is not this the case with Christianity itself, with the ideas that underlie the State, with Education, Literature and Art of any kind, with our Shakespeare, and all the great possessions of the general mind?

In music, then, we only want to have the higher class of concerts made secure and permanent, as frequent and as good as possible. Let these lamps be still kept filled and lighted, and let the oil be pure, although the light thereof may not redeem more than a small circle from the general darkness. The fact that they do speak to such a few, and they not so very few, and still increasing, is reason enough for their being kept up to as high as possible a standard. The purer the tone of them, the more uncompromising the artistic standard, the more certain will they be to keep the few, as well as win new converts. In a popular, "light" concert there is no impropriety in introducing now and then a Symphony or part of one, a classical overture, &c., and it may prove a revelation to some among the audience who are supposed to go for mere amusement. But the converse of the process in a classical concert is hardly proper; where Beethoven sets the key-note, the introduction of a frivolous show piece, or a poor maudlin sweetish melody, by way of pea-nuts for the gallery, is sheer intrusion of strange "gods" and breaks the spell of the occasion; you have come in wedding garments (spiritually speaking) and behold, the feast has vanished, and you are in—the fish-market, a dance saloon, a vulgar theatre! You go home feeling as if you had been caught in bad company.

We say, then, organize, support, strengthen, elevate the classic concerts; for on them depends the musical progress of the community, even if the smallest few of the community attend them. Every live member of those few becomes a centre of influence himself. And we entirely distrust the suggestion, that concerts of light music only tend to educate the hearer up to an appreciation of the masters. It does educate the ear of course, teaches the distinctive sound of instruments sharpens the sense (unless by too much brilliancy, too much of the "monster" sort, it blunts it); and therefore, as well as on the ground of innocent amusement, it is good that there should be light, popular concerts, addressed to the comparatively unmusical. But

there is no need of any plea or effort in behalf of these; they take care of themselves, or find plenty of shrewd managers to take care of them, for there is money to be made by them. The care is needed on the other side; we simply appeal to that class, without whom there could be no occasion for the existence of this Journal; our appeal is to the lovers of musical Art; our proper business to address them, and serve them as a jealous watchman over the true interests of Art; we do not quarrel with the purveyors or the seekers of musical amusement, because we mind our proper duty and pursue the only ends for which we ever undertook, or should have thought it worth the while to undertake, the rather thankless task of musical journalism. Let there be as many light concerts as you please; the more the merrier; we want everybody to enjoy themselves, and every musician to earn a good and comfortable living, and amusement itself to cease to be a thing despised and dreaded as unholy; for something of Art and poetry does mingle with it in the long run, and it is far better than constrained solemnity with furtive restlessness or blank vacuity of mind. Live and let live, we say to those who enjoy it; we shall enjoy with you sometimes, and shall note a good sign of progress now and then, or drop a useful hint, when it occurs to us; but our main business is with Art and artists and Art-lovers. You are abundantly competent to take care of your side of the house, your cause is sure to flourish; pray allow us to do what little good we can on our side.

There are two points, on which we wish some day to speak more fully: we merely name them now. First, in a community where an artistic standard is kept up by worthy influences, as teachers and concerts of the right stamp, it will be possible to insinuate more and more of the artistic leaven into the concerts professedly designed for mere amusement. Secondly, there is great danger of confounding *light* music with *bad* music; the term "light" stands in need of definition. We have also yet to consider Mr. Ryan's ideas about the size of music halls.

In conclusion we can but refer to the temperate and common-sense-like article on the same subject, which we print to-day, from another source. Nor need we do much more than refer to it; for, strange to say, we agree with its main propositions. The author mistakes us. We never have believed that it was possible to educate the whole mass of society up to the love of what is classical and great in Art: we know that all the great loves, the fine perceptions and appreciations belong to the few; we know that "the Gottschalks always will be followed and admired," &c. But we maintain that what the few so appreciate is fully worthy of all the attention and support which it can get, that it is for the interest of society and civilization to protect it, that it benefits all indirectly if not directly, and that the whole world is richer by the fact of Shakspeare, even if ninety-nine persons in a hundred prefer a poor sensation novel to his noblest play. We agree with him that most people do and will seek music chiefly as a light amusement, without believing in it any further. But as we both believe also in Art, and think it high and worthy, what more do we need but simply: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's"? That is, let Art be Art, true to its

own character and self-respect, and not resort to cunning arts or tricks of popularity, thinking to multiply impressions of its own godlike image any faster by letting them grow less and less like to the original. And let not, on the other hand, the caterer to mere amusement, the one who provides music simply to the end of popularity and money, assume the name and airs of Artist. The two things should not be confounded.

BOSTON MOZART CLUB.—The first social orchestral entertainment of this, the third, season, filled Mercantile Hall on Monday night as full as it could hold with invited guests, who came eagerly and listened with great satisfaction. The orchestra has become more complete in numbers, all the component elements being now fairly represented, and its playing, under Mr. Zerrahn's careful drill, seconded by the earnest purpose of the members, certainly exhibits great improvement. It is a very promising sign indeed when amateurs can give so creditable a presentation of such pieces as compose the following programme:

- Part I.
1. Overture. "La Clemenza di Tito." Mozart
2. Grand Symphony in D major, No. 7. Haydn
Adagio; Allegro—Andante—Minuetto and Trio—Finale. Allegro vivace.

- Part II.
1. Andante from Symphony No. 4, (Italian). Mendelssohn
2. Festival March. Lanner
3. Transcription of a German Song. (For Select Orchestra) Franz Abt
4. Overture. "Nozze di Figaro." Mozart

The stringed portion of the band (four first violins, four second, two double basses, &c.,) was really efficient; there was a horn solo played, too, in the "transcription," which would have done credit to the Music Hall. The Symphony, one of the most elaborate of Haydn's, told its whole story with but very little stammering or feebleness of utterance. Who knows but that the orchestra we want may yet grow out of this? It starts on the right principle.

CONCERTS AT HAND.—MR. ZERRAHN will re-commence his Philharmonic Concerts on Saturday evening, Dec. 6th. The Symphony will probably be the *Pastorale*.

The "SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS" of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club commence THIS EVENING at the Melodeon. The programme includes an Octet by Franz Schubert; Suppe's overture to the "Poet and Peasant"; solos on the flute, the violin, and the *Saxophone* (a new instrument in these parts); and singing by the favorite vocalist, Mrs. J. M. MOTTE.

MR. GILLMORE's Promenade Band Concerts, which made a most successful beginning in the Boston Music Hall last Saturday evening, will be continued there this evening.

"BLIND TOM."—We present to-day a string of communications on this blind problem. The letter of "F. M. R.," which we have placed first, contains, we think, a very sensible view of the whole matter, and goes far toward clearing up the mystery by rightly qualifying some of the extravagances of the story. It is by a lady who evidently knows what she is talking about when she speaks of music.

MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY.—The article with this heading, which we copy from the *Saturday Review*, contains food for reflection; but it betrays a singularly low and shallow view of music, to our thinking.

FROM A JEW.—We cheerfully print the following,

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 11, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—From your article in the last number of the *Journal of Music* I am almost led to believe that you think the cause of music suffers when in the hands of Jews. To say nothing of the

refined intolerance that alone could give birth to such an idea, I content myself with asking you how you reconcile your theory (if such it is) with cases of the Israelites like Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Hiller, Halevy, Joachim, Ferd. David, Moscheles and others, well known to fame and to yourself.

Yours truly, A JEW.

When we spoke of "speculators and Jews" occupying the musical field, we used the term more figuratively, and as it is every day used in common parlance, than as meaning to intimate that all persons of that origin (among whom we personally count valued friends) are necessarily mean and mercenary. And certainly we do not need to be reminded what great lights in music and in literature have sprung from that persecuted race.

Music Abroad.

MEYERBEER.—It may save disappointment to state, on trustworthy authority, that there is no chance of M. Meyerbeer being in Paris for some time to come; and thus that no new opera from his portfolio is to be expected during the season of 1863.

MUNICH.—Herr August Baumgärtner, organist and inventor of a new system of musical stenography, died here on the 27th September.

LEIPZIG.—The *London Musical World* translates the following letter, dated Leipzig, Oct 6, from a German musical journal:

The musical Michaelmas Fair is now at boiling point. Nothing greets the ear save music in every direction, but what music? The gangs of Miner's hands, guitarists, harp-girls, organ-grinders, and other peripatetic wretches appear to start out of the earth, and the statistic returns of the police must prove their numbers to be such as to make one's hair stand on end with horror. The lover of art is surrounded by contrasts. "*Per aspera ad astra*," he thinks, as, accompanied by the discordant sounds of a miserable polka, he hastily leaves the confused crowd and bustle in the street, and ascends the steps of the Gewandhaus, to revel in Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. Completely carried away by the immortal strains, full of the heavenly beauties of the work, his heart teeming with the noblest and mightiest melodies, he hurries off, and a fearful street-quartet, consisting of a screeching clarinet, a trumpet, a horn, and a bass-tuba, snatches him with a spirit of grinning mockery, by means of the Radetzki-March, from his illusions. With stoical composure, the genuine Leipsicker bears this most terrible of all nuisances, and retains sufficient good sense to go and enjoy Menzel's music in the Schützenhaus, or the concerts of the Prussian military-director, Her Rosen Roanz, in the Centralhalle. The opera selected for the fair at the Stadttheater was Wagner's *Fliegender Holländer*, not a very advantageous selection in a pecuniary light, since there has been a *decrecendo* in the attendance, out of keeping with the expenses incurred for scenery and machinery. It would be useless to go into a detailed account of the work itself, which is an embryo of the Wagnerian Art-Productions of the Future, and is placed even by the advocates of the Wagnerian school in the doubtful domain of striving and non-attainment. Shall we collect the stubble, to praise what pleases, and censure what displeases us? Of all Wagner's librettos, that of the *Fliegender Holländer* is the most interesting, despite the bad verses, of which, like his other librettos, it contains a large number. It has genuine dramatic touches, which keep the attention fixed to the very last, and upon which a musical superstructure might well have been raised. At present, however, the music is simply a continuous experiment, with dramatic effects following each other without due selection or connection, and, at times, mirroring nude nature with revolting truthfulness. The overture and first act were coldly received. There was nothing like applause till the "Spinning-song," and ballad in the second act, but the applause was bestowed upon precisely those pieces which are founded upon the so-called "worn-out stand-point." The performance was good and careful, proving that the Leipzig theatre possesses at the present moment, a highly valuable company of vocalists. The girlish character of Senta was admirably embodied by Mme. Rübsamen Weith. Her dramatic impersonation, however, is still here and there deficient in certainty and vivacity. Her singing, however, is marked with feeling, and rendered by a fine voice, though the ef-

fect of the latter is marred, at intervals, by a harsh, guttural tone. Herr Ossenbach (Datand), has a fine soft, bass voice, distinguished for its elevated character. Herr Weidemann, who had to represent the unhappy personage Erik, is a valuable tenor, whose voice, however, is unfortunately deficient in that certainty and power of endurance requisite for more important parts; his intonation is invariably wavering. Herr Jungmann, on the other hand, pleased us very much in the small part of the Helmsman. The hero found an excellent representative in Herr Rüh-samen. He possesses a fine, powerful baritone, which he knows how to turn to the best advantage. His pronunciation, however, is blurred by faults, of which, as a vocalist, he should get rid. The choruses are exceedingly difficult, and were badly executed. That the run of the opera will be only ephemeral, no one doubts. The first Gewandhaus concert was a brilliant one, as regards programme, attendance, and execution. It began with the "Anacreon Overture," that clever piece of mosaic by Cherubini, the melodic fragments of which are worked up into a wondrous whole. The mode in which it was performed was nothing more nor less than unsurpassable; there was such perfection, even in the slightest details, that the delight it afforded was something extraordinary. The execution of Beethoven's A Major Symphony, also, was a success, especially in the *allegretto*, but the *scherzo* betrayed the conductor, Herr Reinecke, into a far too precipitate tempo. In Mlle. Orwill we made the acquaintance of a talented pupil of Mme. Viardot Garcia. She possesses a fine and sufficiently strong mezzo-soprano, of agreeable, but by no means overpowering tone, which has completed the higher study of its art, so as to merit the diploma of "very good." The *bravura* and shake still exhibit short-comings, which, however, may be surmounted by study and perseverance. The young lady selected an aria from Handel's *Julius Cæsar*, with the "Ah, desio" of Mozart, and, by so doing, paid rather too much deference to so-called good taste. Her reception, however, was particularly favorable. *Maestro Vieuxtemps* consecrated the evening by a *chef-d'œuvre*—his A Minor Concerto, a composition as full of manual difficulties as distinguished for feeling—and by an unpublished Polonaise, which does not contain any striking features. His performance was eminently fine. The second concert is fixed for the 12th inst. The directors have secured the services of Mlle. Sara Magnus, as soloist. This young pianist made her *début* here, a few months ago.

Paris.

(From Correspondence of London Musical World, Oct. 9.)—The Grand Opera still keeps ringing the unchanging changes on *Guillaume Tell*, the *Huguenots*, *La Juive*, and *Robert le Diable*. But great alterations loom in the distance. *Masaniello* is rehearsing, and the *Comte Ory*, "with new scenery and decorations," is to be given, on the 13th proximo, for the *début* of Signor Mario. The direction has entrusted M. Faure to support the casts with his powerful talent in the character of Raimbault; but that high-swollen barytone—M. Faure, not Raimbault—has signified his opinion that the part is beneath his dignity; notwithstanding which, if Rossini would write a new air, he would condescend. The general opinion seems to be that Rossini will not oblige M. Faure. There is confident talk of the production of *Don Giovanni*. Rumor already assigns the parts as follows:—"Donna Anna," Mlle. Sax; "Zerlina," Mad. Vandenhuevel-Duprez; "Elvira," Mlle. Hammackers; "Don Giovanni," M. Faure; "Ottavio," Signor Mario, or M. Michet; "Leporello," M. Obin. The translation is by M. E. Duprez. I can hardly fancy Mozart at the Grand Opera, his anti-"sensation" music requiring more faith than is possessed by the majority of Parisians. However, I may be mistaken, and the cast of *Don Juan* must have a special attraction, except in the instance of Sig. Mario, who may be deemed an "inter-lopers."

Mad. Cinti-Damoureaux has been recently stricken with apoplexy at Chantilly, and the greatest fears are entertained for her recovery.

The revival of Grétry's *Zémire et Azor* at the Opéra Comique has been essayed with success. Grétry is famous as the composer complimented by Voltaire on his wit, while affecting to believe that all musicians in general were remarkable for their *belise*. Times are changed since then. Rossini, Auber, Meyerbeer, are all proverbial for rivaling the most spiritual of their collaborateurs in wit and grace. Rossini's bouffons are often cruelly piquant; as, for instance, when Lamartine suggested that he should place a "tyre" over his iron gate. "And you a *tyre-lire*" (a money-box) replied the composer. Poor Lamartine is again reduced to beg for charity in the

shape of a lottery at twenty-five centimes the ticket. The *obolus* of Belisarius may thus be translated by the Gallic (catch) penny.

(From the same, Oct. 20).—Mad. Frezzolini has appeared at the Italiens, and met with a rapturous reception. The Parisians have been often accused of fickleness, but this charge cannot, with justice, be brought against them as far, at least, as Mad. Frezzolini is concerned. She was always most popular with them, and what she hitherto has been she still remains.

As a critic of one of your French contemporaries remarks: "there are grand and beautiful lines which time cannot injure, and we are obliged to take time into account when speaking of Mad. Frezzolini, since, in her case, time signifies thirty years of success. We find a striking example of these grand lines, these fine proportions unalterable, when viewed in the light of art, and through the prism of enthusiasm, in the person of Mad. Frezzolini. On the stage, she is still the most beautiful Lucia it is possible to behold. Her profile stands out magnificently, and, in the dramatic scenes of this touching work, resembles an antique cameo, after appearing, in the softer scenes, as pure as a head painted by Titian or Raphael."

To speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, however, Mad. Frezzolini's voice is not what it was, but still it retains sufficient of its former force and beauty to dominate over the others in the concerted music, as was triumphantly proved in the famous *sestet*. Thanks to Mad. Frezzolini, this splendid page of composition produced an overpowering effect. Her vocalization is irreproachable; her style invariably that of a great artist and a perfect *cantatrice*. Her phrasing is a model of finish. What a study does she afford for some of our young would-be Grisis and Malibranis!

The last revival at the Imperial opera is M. Félicien David's *Herculanum*. It was produced on Friday, and well received. By the way, are you aware that M. David has been named officer of the Legion of Honor?

The second series of the Popular Concerts for classical music commenced on Sunday the 12th inst. Once more has M. Pasdeloup unfolded the standard of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn. The proceeds of the first concert were devoted to the poor children of the 11th arrondissement, and must have amounted to a considerable sum, for the Cirque Napoléon was nearly full. I say "nearly," because, here and there, I perceived some vacant places, but I believe they were paid for, although not occupied. At concerts given for charitable purposes, one person will sometimes take three, four or more stalls, and as he cannot possibly fill them all himself, some necessarily remain vacant, unless he takes the trouble to send the tickets to his friends.

The programme comprised Gluck's overture to *Iphigénie en Aulide*; Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, the *Andante* of Haydn's 50th Quartet, and the overture to *Der Freischütz*. The *Andante* of the Symphony was encored, and the finale very narrowly escaped the same mark of approbation. But the public felt that it would have been rather too much to insist on the orchestra playing it again, and consequently did not persevere in their demand. In writing the present letter, I have abstained as much as possible from indulging in criticism, as my opinions might, perhaps, not tally exactly with yours. What I have endeavored to give you is a catalogue—a *catalogue raisonné*, however—of facts. But at present, I cannot be silent; I must speak. What do you say to M. Pasdeloup's having Haydn's quartets, intended for four stringed instruments, as the veriest tyro in music is aware, performed by a full orchestra; M. Pasdeloup is a gentleman who has done much to advance the cause of classical music in France, and therefore, I am loth to find fault with him; but patience has certain limits. Does M. Pasdeloup require to be told that if Haydn had wished any composition of his to be performed by a full band, he would not have written it as a quartet? Such perversion of a composer's—and a great composer's to boot—intention is unworthy of a conscientious musician like M. Pasdeloup. It is highly bombastic, and I fear, eminently French. Still, eminently French though it be, I trust it will not occur again; but I have serious misgivings. The programme of the second concert, on the 19th inst., consisted of Haydn's Symphony in G major, No. 31; *Adagio* of Mozart's Third Quartet; Mendelssohn's Overture to *Ruy Blas*; and Beethoven's Symphony in A. I was not present at this second concert, and, therefore, I will not swear that M. Pasdeloup did not have Haydn's Symphony played as a solo on the Jew's harp. I do not suppose, however—despite the liberty he took with the quartet—that he would go quite as far as that.

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

